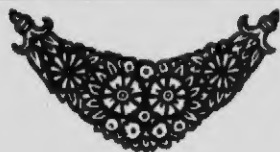
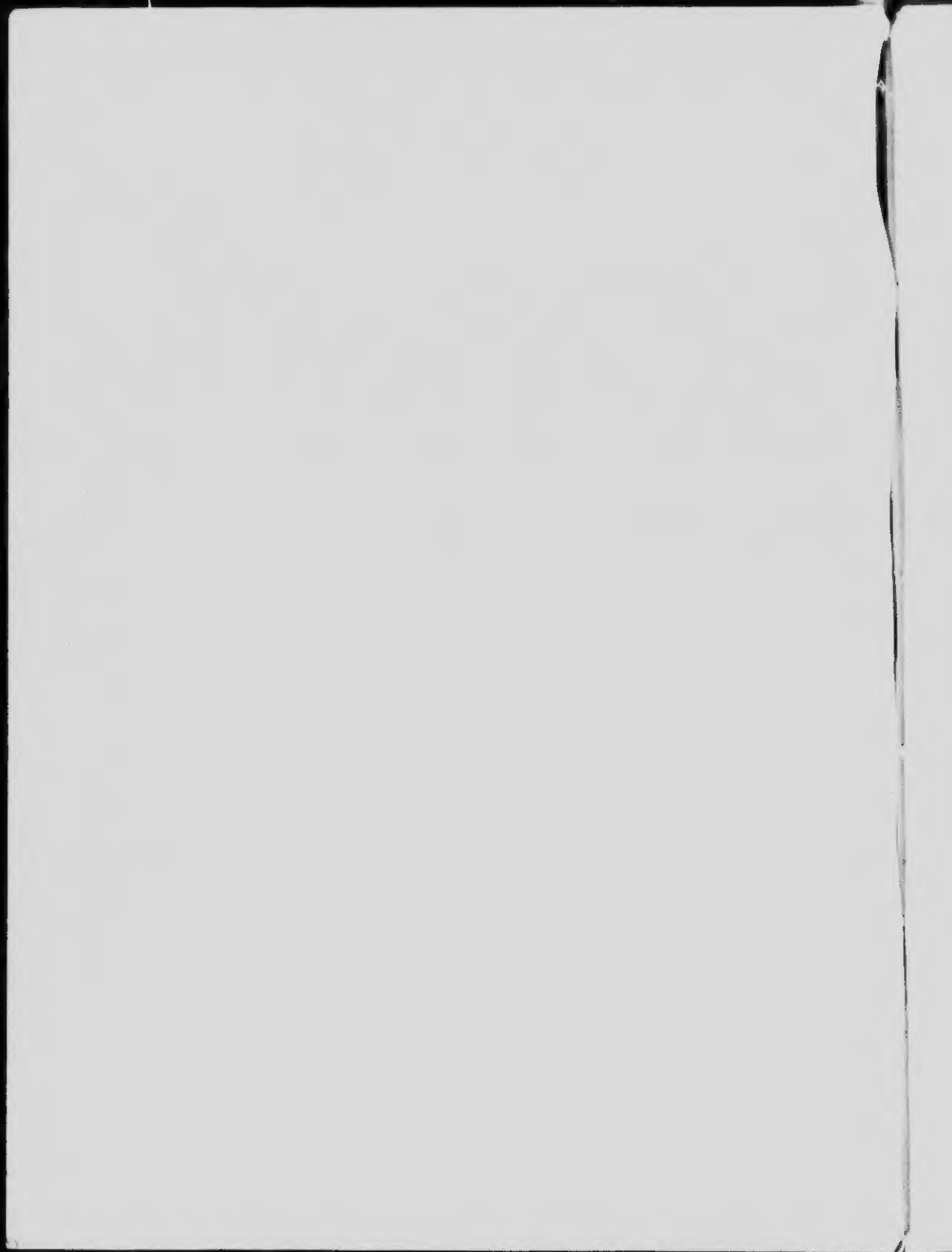


Little Rays of Sunshine



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*A Series of Verse and Jottings
from the Bedside of
an Invalid*

by

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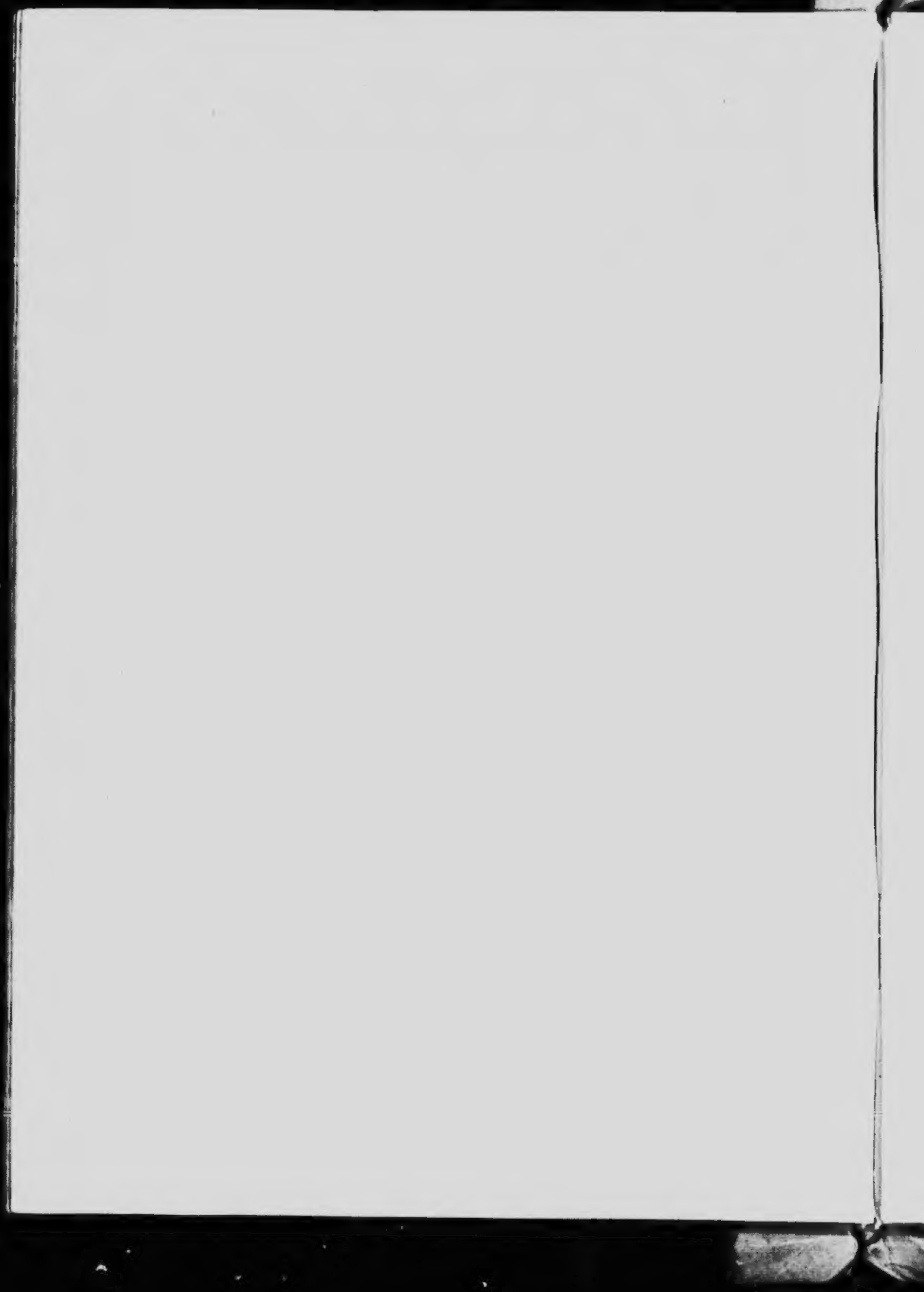
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A Daily Text

FIRST DAY

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.—Psalm 19:14.

SECOND DAY

Therefore my people shall know my Name; therefore they shall know in that day that I am He that doth speak; behold it is I.—Isiah 52:6.

THIRD DAY

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Romans 1:16.

FOURTH DAY

Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me.—Rev. 3:20.

FIFTH DAY

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them, for the Lord, thy God, He it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Deut. 31:6.

SIXTH DAY

Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.—Psalm 2:12.

SEVENTH DAY

They that are of a forward heart are abomination to the Lord, but such as are upright in their way are His delight.—Proverbs 11:20.

EIGHTH DAY

I say unto you: Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.—Matthew 5:44.

NINTH DAY

And that He died for all; that they which live should not henceforth live in themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again.—II. Cor. 5:15.

TENTH DAY

Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God.—II. Cor. 5:20.

11th DAY

But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with his stripes we are healed.—Is. 53:5.

12th DAY

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.—Psalms 51:1.

13th DAY

Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him; add thou not unto His words lest He reprove thee.—Proverbs 30:5-6.

14th DAY

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave.—Ex. 9:10.

15th DAY

Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ and maketh manifest the Saviour of His knowledge by us in every place.—II. Cor. 2:14.

16th DAY

And He that sent me is with me, the Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please Him.—John 8:29.

17th DAY

Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die we are the Lord's.—Romans 14:8.

18th DAY

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—Psalm 23:6.

19th DAY

The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms, and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee.—Deut. 33:27.

20th DAY

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.—Luke 16:10.

21st DAY

Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's the same shall save it.—Mark 8:35.

22nd DAY

A man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not.—Isiah 53:3.

23rd DAY

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me; cast me not away from Thy presence and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.—Psalm 51:10-11.

24th DAY

An image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than His Maker,"—Job 4:16-17.

25th DAY

Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the House cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.—Mark 13:35.

26th DAY

Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. 11:29.

27th DAY

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life.—Rev. 3:5.

28th DAY

Afflictions cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground, yet man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward.—Job 5:6-7.

29th DAY

Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, fire and brimstones and a horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup.—Psalm 11:6.

30TH DAY

Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is spread abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.—Romans 5:5.

31ST DAY

Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—Isiah 55:1.



*"Acquaint thyself with God and
be at peace"--Job 22: 21*

In Perfect Peace

Jesus, my Saviour, here I patient lie,
For peace is mine;
Sins all forgiven, I'm ready now to die,
For peace is mine;
My loving Father, how Thee I adore.
When shall I meet Thee on that Heavenly shore?

Jesus stands by me, He is ever near,
For peace is mine;
His arms around me, give me strength, not fear,
For peace is mine.
Christ, my Redeemer, Thou hast died for me,
Then in these mansions may I dwell with Thee.

Jesus, beloved one, Thou hast led the way,
And peace is mine;
The sun now shines, my soul is filled today.
For peace is mine.
When through the veil and shadow I must go
Thy rod and staff with comfort then bestow.
Amen.

*"Let mine outcasts dwell with
thee"--Isa 16 4*

The Outcast

It was a cold and stormy night,
The wind with violence blew;
Rain and sleet in torrents fell,
The cold would chill you through.
Each street deserted seemed to be.
The cars unoccupied,
For no one cared to wander forth
And leave their own fireside.

Yet here is one who braves that storm.
For fear with her is past;
Drenched with rain, and numbed with cold,
Shelter seeks she at last.
Within a doorway there she stands,
That face so white and thin,
An outcast, throw upon the world,
Her heart deep-wounded with sin.

Not always so, for she had known
A Christian mother's love,
And in her younger days had given
Her heart to God above.
But Satan chanced to cross her path
And gilded pictures drew
The world, its pleasures and its joys;
Said he, "These are for you."

Tempted, she fell, forgot her God,
 Let pride o'ercome that grace
 Which God bestows on every one
 Who truly seeks his face.
 She stands an outcast on this night,
 Depressed and sad at heart,
 Spurned and barred from every home,
 No friend to take her part.

"That I might die," she cries aloud,
 "No hope is there for me;
 I'm hungry, thirsty, footsore, too,
 My nakedness I see.
 Oh, God, I pray thee mercy show
 If mercy there can be,
 I'm cursed, but thou hast power to cut
 My bonds and set me free."

God listened to that outcast's cry
 And turned her not away,
 The burden placed through Satan's power
 No more exists today.
 The gilded pleasures of this world
 Your soul will soon destroy,
 But they who seek the Christian life
 May happiness enjoy.

*"Sorrow not as others that have
no hope"--I Thes 4: 13*

Hope

When dull clouds hover round us
And a'1 seems dark as night
What is it then dispels the gloom,
Turns darkness into light?
"Hope."

When sickness overtakes us
And loved ones pass away,
What helps to make the burden light
And comfort us each day?
"Hope."

Misfortune may befall us,
Ill luck our course pursue.
What is it bids us courage keep
And try our best to do?
"Hope."

Each shadow has a brighter side,
Don't always look behind;
There is a star that ever shines
For you and all mankind.
"Hope."

*"Thou wilt show me that path of life."
Psalm 16: 11*

The Cross Roads

A weary traveller wends his way
Along the dusty road,
His feet are tired, his shoulders bend
Beneath his heavy load.
He hopes to find a shelter
Before the night is past,
His journey then will soon be o'er
And rest he'll find at last.

Ahead he sees the sign which marks
The parting of the ways;
Soon on the spot, he looks around,
His mind seems in a daze.
One road is narrow, the other broad,
He wonders where they lead;
Sits down, then takes his guide book out
And thus begins to read:

Wide is the gate that leads to hell,
The road is very broad;
Narrow the way and straight the gate
That leads you up to God.
These words are plain, no need to stop,
I'll take the narrow way.
Eternal life is what I want,
Here is my chance today.

*"He opened his mouth and taught them."
Matt. 5: 2.*

The Mountain Sermon

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For the Kingdom of Heaven is theirs;
Blessed are the meek at heart,
For God will heed their prayers;
Blessed are they who hungry be
And righteousness have sought,
For God will fill their humble hearts,
'Twas thus the Saviour taught.

Blessed are all they that mourn,
Comforted shall they be;
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they God's face shall see;
Blessed are they who mercy show,
For mercy they shall gain;
Blessed are makers of the peace,
For they shall with Him reign.

Blessed are ye who, for my sake,
Have persecution known;
Blessed are they who men revile,
Because God's name they own.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
Great your reward shall be,
Within my father's mansions you
Shall find a home with me.

*"Hest crowned him with glory and honor."
Psalm 8: 5*

A Crown of Gems

Precious gems are very rare,
The cross too great for some to bear,
Yet every one of us may wear
A crown of gems.

Diamonds, rubies, opals, too,
Emeralds, turquoise, sapphires blue,
From Heaven's treasures given to you
A crown of gems

A heavy price no need to pay,
We all can earn the gift to day.
Accept this offer while you may,
A crown of gems.

Perhaps a dying soul to save,
Don't let him sink beneath the wave;
You'll find reward beyond the grave.
A crown of gems.

By thy fallen brother stand,
To helpless ones stretch out thy hand,
And thou shalt wear in Zion's land
A crown of gems.

*"His merciful kindness is great
unto us" - Psalm 117: 2*

Our Doctor

Little acts of kindness
Spread throughout the day,
Will help to cheer up broken hearts
And drive the clouds away.

Little drops of sympathy
Given when in need,
Will sunshine bring to someone's life
And prove a worthy deed.

Little grains of Christian love,
Scattered here and there,
Will help the pilgrim on his way
And lift his load of care.

Powder, lotions, bitter pills,
May sometimes bring relief,
But kindness, love and sympathy
Will wipe out every grief.

"Then are ye my disciples"
John 8: 31

"An Afternoon Call"

Someone is knocking at the door,
 Whoever can it be?
 I'm not expecting friends today
 (I'd better go and see).
 So tiptoed through the sitting room,
 All sound I wished to hide,
 And through the curtains took a peep
 To see who stood outside.

A lady with a long black cape,
 And tiny bonnet, too,
 Tied 'round her neck with snowy strings.
 Her eyes a pretty blue;
 She'd rosy cheeks and jet black hair,
 A basket on her arm,
 Her pleasant look and sunny smile
 Would any person charm.

Tap, tap, again the knock is heard.
 I opened wide the door.
 "Good afternoon," the stranger said.
 "I think we've met before.
 No! My name is Sister Mercy then,
 And thus my time I spend
 In helping those who trouble meet.
 I'd like to be your friend."

I bid the stranger step inside
 And offered her a chair.
 She'd won her way into my heart
 As no one else would dare.
 Her story then she did unfold,
 I listened with surprise:
 This thought at once had crossed my mind,
 "An angel in disguise."

"My mission then is one of love,
 Not love that fades away;
 My Father's business brings me forth,
 That's why I'm here today.
 Houses and lands my Father owns,
 Gold and silver, too;
 No need to thirst and hunger, when
 He'll freely share with you.

Your trials He will help to bear
 And burdens take away.
 He has a balm for contrite hearts
 Which sin has led astray.
 Accept this book, within its leaves
 You'll find a story true.
 'Twill tell you how my Father's Son
 Gave up his all for you.

*"Peace through the blood of His
Cross"--Col. 1: 20*

Through Jesus' Blood

My soul at last has perfect peace
Through Jesus' blood.
All care and sorrow now must cease
Through Jesus' blood.
A Heavenly gift given unto me,
My heart is cleansed, my sins set free,
Through Jesus' blood.

My soul can now rejoice at last
Through Jesus' blood.
The debt is paid, my trials are past,
Through Jesus' blood.
On Calvary cross He died for me,
A child of God now I can be,
Through Jesus' blood.

My soul is full of love today
Through Jesus' blood.
My burdens all have rolled away
Through Jesus' blood.
Oh, precious Saviour, I am thine,
Where darkness reigned, now all sunshine,
Through Jesus' blood.

"I am not alone"
John 8: 18

Alone

Alone! yet not alone,
Though health and wealth may flee,
For there is one who never fails,
Jesus, a friend to me.

Alone! yet not alone,
Though friends may prove untrue;
There still remains a faithful friend,
Jesus, a friend to you.

Alone! yet not alone,
Though death may sound its call,
For there is one who gives us life,
Jesus, a friend to all.

Alone! yet not alone,
When earthly trials are done.
He stands and bids us "Welcome home,"
Jesus, God's only Son.

Alone! not yet alone,
For with that glorious band
I'll sing his praises evermore,
In Heaven, Gloryland.

*"They that worship Him, must worship Him
in Spirit and in Truth"--John 4: 24*

A Worthy Disciple

He was an old-time preacher
Who wrought the will of God,
Confined himself to gospel truths
And ne'er the broad path trod.
His words were plain and simple,
His heart was purified,
He loved to tell his people how
That Christ for all had died.

He'd never been to colleges,
Where new ideas were taught;
His only creed, that Jesus' blood
Had peace and pardon brought.
He never stooped to argue if
The Saviour was divine.
The word of God had taught him so
He'd learned it line by line.

He was a faithful Servant,
Beloved by everyone;
The smile upon His sunny face
Would show He'd victory won.
Within his church the Saviour dwelt,
Satan had lost the fight,
There in truth they worshipped God
And Christ, the Heavenly light.

*"I know you, that ye have not the love of God
in you"--John 5: 42*

An Unworthy Disciple

He was a "new thought" preacher,
Who wrought the will of man,
Departed from the gospel truths
And in the broad path ran.
He dearly loved to criticize,
Destroy the power of God;
He taught his flock that miracles
Were nothing but a fraud.

Said he, "This story of the ark
Is just a piece of bluff,
And as to Jonah and the whale,
Who could believe such stuff?
We hear the blood of Jesus Christ
Will wash our sins away,
The Bible needs to be revised
To suit the present day."

He was an untrue servant,
Whose heart had ne'er known peace;
If he should preach the word of God
His salary would cease.
Within his church no room for Christ,
For Satan held full sway;
I'd hate to take that preacher's place
When it comes to judgment day.

*"Well done thou good and faithful
servant"--Matt. 25: 21*

Useful Talents

Talents, gifts from God above,
For us to utilize.
The way to turn them to account
Within our power lies.

On us these talents were bestowed
That helpful we might be,
Then look around and make good use
Of those God gave to thee.

Perhaps today some precious soul
May hunger for that bread,
Which fills the heart with higher thoughts
And sunshine shows ahead.

Maybe some weary traveller
Will thirst for drink in vain,
Then tell him of that living stream
Which will refresh again.

Strangers may thy shelter seek
When weary and oppressed,
Point out to them the heavenly home
Where all may find a rest.

Sickness may beset man's path,
Unclothed perchance his fate,
Then bid him cheer, for robes of white,
But his command await.

Persons bound down with bonds,
Each struggling to get free;
Then bid them hope and tell them how
Released they all may be.

God will require a reckoning
Of talents given to all,
Then diligent and faithful be
Ere thee He shall recall.

24

*"And Enoch walked with God."
Gen. 5: 22*

Walk With God

My life is ever restless now,
No peace have I within;
My troubles never seem to cease,
How can I combat sin?
"Walk with God."

The road is rough and rocky,
Which I am forced to go.
My feet are tired and weary,
How can I comfort know?
"Walk with God."

My body seems all worn out,
My heart is sad with grief,
My soul is filled with discontent,
Where shall I find relief?
"Walk with God."

Oh, where can I a refuge find?
This knowledge now I lack;
I pray the Father, hear my prayer,
Hark! The angels answer back,
"Walk with God."

20
*"I have learned in whatsoever state I am
therewith to be content."*

Phil. 4: 11

Contented

Happy is he whom God hath blest,
For 'tis a treasure sent,
In whatsoever state we are
Therewith to be content.

Today the sun may shine for us,
And everything look fair;
Tomorrow this may all be changed
And trials we'll have to bear.

We wonder why afflictions come
And troubles o'er us flow,
Such things we do not understand,
But some day we shall know.

Why should we fret and worry then,
And to our thoughts give vent,
Far better let us be like Paul
And learn to be content.

*"The harvest of the earth is ripe
Rev. 13- 15*

The Harvest Field

Look on the beautiful fields of grain,
Waving just like a sea of gold,
Waiting for reapers to come along
And gather the wealth untold.

The summer sun has done its work,
The harvest is ripe today;
Reaper thrust in thy sickle then,
And gather it while you may.

Perhaps tomorrow the wind and rain
May the bounteous crops destroy,
Then hasten away to the fields of grain,
And the Master will you employ.

The Lord of the harvest is passing by
And reapers he needs today.
To glean and reap in the harvest fields
Ere the summer shall pass away.

*"And seeketh that which is gone
astray"--Matt. 18: 12*

The Lost Sheep

List! who is that coming
In tones so loud and clear,
'Twas upon the hillside,
Can'st thou not Him hear?
Come home! Come home!
Cries the voice once again.
The valleys and mountains
Take up the refrain.

It must be the shepherd,
Whose sheep have got lost,
Strayed away from the fold
And the mountains have crossed.
Come home! Come home!
Cries the voice once again.
The valleys and mountains
Take up the refrain.

Soon comes back an answer,
The sheep hear that Voice.
Safe again with the flock,
See the Shepherd rejoice.
All home! Safely home!
He calls once again.
The valleys and mountains
Take up the refrain.

"When I was a child"
1 Cor. 13. 11

Mother's Boy

Mother has a little son,
 A busy curious boy.
 Mother always on the go
 Can never peace enjoy

"Mother, if the earth's a globe,
 How did we get inside?
 Mother, where does water go
 That runs out with the tide?

Mother, tell me how does rain
 Remain up in the sky?
 Mother, what size are the poles
 That hold the world up high?

Mother, why does Granny take
 Her teeth out every night?
 Mother, you take off your curls,
 Why are mine on tight?"

'Tis mother tell me how is this,
 'Tis mother here and there;
 Poor mother sits up half the night
 Her answers to prepare

"Speaketh unto you as children"
Hob. 12: 5

Auntie's Girl

Auntie had a little niece,
Who chattered all the day;
Auntie was with questions plied
That filled her with dismay.

"Auntie, where's my stocking gone?
I left it over there.
Auntie, did you see my shoe?
I put in on the chair.

Auntie, I have lost my dress,
I left it on the bed.
Auntie, where's my ribbon gone?
It isn't on my head.

Auntie, did you see my coat?
I hung it on the peg.
Auntie, I can't find the other
Gaiter for my leg."

'Twas auntie here and auntie there,
And auntie everywhere;
I never stop to reason now
Why auntie has gray hair.

*"Jesus called a little child unto
Him"--Matt. 18: 2*

Sunbeams

Little children here and there,
Forever on the go,
With their tiny pattering feet
Racing to and fro.
How they brighten up your life
Like angels from above,
Shatter all the care and strife
With their hearts of love.

Some have blue eyes, others brown,
Lots have curly hair;
Some have pretty rosy cheeks,
Others paleness there;
Some are fair, others dark,
Each one a treasure true.
Gifts from Heaven, by God's own hand,
To make life sweet for you.

Little cherub, pure as gold,
Hear that tiny voice;
How it thrills your very soul
And makes your heart rejoice.
Happy man whom God hath blessed,
For happy can he be,
With little children such as these
Emblems of purity.

*"The night cometh when no man
can work"--John 9: 4*

At Sunset

Morn is breaking fast,
Sunshine is all around,
Duty calls to work,
Where shall I be found
At sunset?

Noonday is in sight,
The sun is half way round,
Each worker busy keeps,
Where shall I be found
At sunset?

The afternoon is o'er,
Darkness will soon abound;
The worker goeth home,
Where shall I be found
At sunset?

Twilight has now set in,
The sun dips to the ground,
Within my Father's home
I trust I shall be found
At sunset.

*"Walk while ye have the light
John 12: 35*

Two Pictures

A pretty cottage o'er whose walls
The honeysuckles roam,
Along its porch sweet roses climb,
It was a lovely home.

Inside contentment, happiness,
No trouble, trials, or care;
Husband, wife and little tots,
Love held the fortress there.

A squalid room, within its walls
Disease and filth abound,
No sunshine ever pierced the gloom,
'Twas darkness all around.

Upon a mattress lay a man
Whose cursing made him foam;
His faithful wife in terror crouched,
It was a drunkard's home.

Two pictures here before you lie,
Each one a story true;
Leave drink alone if ever sought,
'Twill prove a curse to you.

The Grace of God

Oh, God above, without Thy grace
 The way would darkened be,
 My sinful heart would not have peace,
 Had I ne'er known of Thee.
 Sufficient is Thy grace for me,
 Before its power discomforts flee.

Misfortune may upon us fall,
 Perhaps 'tis for our good.
 Afflictions, suffering, heavy trials,
 Are things not understood.
 Thy grace alone sufficeth me,
 Beyond the grave Thy face I see.

Quiet hours I spend with Thee,
 Thus happiness I reap,
 For Thou canst sooth the weary heart
 And bid it courage keep.
 Sufficient, then, Thy grace can be,
 It is the balm that comforts me.

"God Himself is our captain"
II Chron. 13: 12

A Reliable Captain

All aboard the whistle blows,
 The shore lines are released,
 The bells ring in the engine room,
 All bustle now has ceased.
 Friends and families parted as
 The last good-bye is said,
 Slowly she glides into the seam
 And then full speed ahead.

O'er the seas that sturdy ship
 Carried her load of souls,
 Guided by that captain's hand,
 Who knows the rocky shoals.
 Each day brings her nearer home,
 Swiftly she plies her way;
 Each heart is throbbing with delight,
 For port they'll reach today.

Trust your life to careful hands.
 Select a captain true,
 Whose power subdues the angry waves
 And makes things calm for you.
 Try a trip on the gospel ship
 With Jesus at the helm;
 He'll safely bring you into port,
 Though stormy seas overwhelm.

" Our Lord was Crucified "
Rev. 11: 8.

The Crucifixion

To Calvary's mount the multitude
Our loving Saviour led,
Condemned to die without a cause,
Why should his blood be shed?
Upon His head a crown of thorns,
In his right hand a reed,
Thus they mocked and jeered at him,
No council would they heed.

There upon that cruel cross
The Christ was crucified,
Nails in His hands and feet,
A thief on either side.
Darkness covered all the land,
The temple veil was broke,
Rocks were rent, the earth did quake,
Saints from the dead awoke.

Rejected and despised by man,
Forgiving still was He;
"I pray thee, Father, them forgive,
They have no thought for Thee."
So Jesus Christ gave up His life,
His blood was shed for thee;
Commit thyself unto His hands,
From sin He'll set you free.

"I am the resurrection and the life"
John 5: 29

The Resurrection

Bright and early in the week,
 A glorious morn,
 The sepulchre did Mary seek
 This glorious morn.
 She seeth the stone is rolled away,
 Her heart is heavy with dismay,
 Vacant the spot where Jesus lay,
 This glorious morn.

An angel speaks, "Why weepest thou
 This glorious morn?
 Rejoice, thy Lord has risen now,
 This glorious morn."
 Then turning round within that place,
 She gazeth on the Master's face,
 A scene which naught could ere efface,
 This glorious morn.

My Saviour liveth once again,
 Oh, glorious morn.
 Angels chant the sweet refrain
 This glorious morn.
 O'er His foes thus triumphed He,
 Oh, death, thou hast no victory,
 For Christ has risen, His face I see,
 This glorious morn.

*"We had the sentence of death"
II Cor. 1: 9.*

Facing the Sentence

Stricken down, no warning note;
Then health began to fail.
The cause unknown—a mystery
Which science could not unveil.
Robust, strong, in manhood's prime,
No sickness known at any time.

In his profession rising fast,
Things looked bright ahead;
Ambitious, keen and spirits gay,
A happy life he led.
Then this blow upon him fell,
The reason why he could not tell.

Resource was had to every skill,
No effort did he lack,
Yet nothing seemed to stem its course,
It hurled defiance back.
Slow but sure it headway made,
Until his strength began to fade.

Still he battled for his life,
 And never gave up hope;
 Hard he tried to win that fight,
 And with the danger cope.
 But all in vain, the end was nigh;
 Man had decreed that he should die.

Was his soul with anguish filled
 When he heard this decree;
 Did he plead for further time
 To fight the enemy?
 No; he trusted God implicitly,
 Who said: "My grace shall comfort thee."

Resigned he is, and murmurs not,
 For victory he has won.
 Father in Heaven, thou gracious God,
 Thy will alone be done;
 For death alone a step can be,
 Then Paradise and rest with thee.

